

Three cents, 6.63
Sixty-five cents, 8.75
Sixty-seven cents, 11.67
Eight cents, 1.67
Eighty cents, 2.92
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Two cents, 0.02
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One cent, 1.45

Oxford Democrat.

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Executed with neatness and despatch.

MISCELLANEOUS.

(From the Southern Literary Messenger.)

SECLUSAVAL, OR THE SHOULDER TO THE TALE OF "JUDITH BENSADDI."

(CONTINUED.)

Putting all these facts and conjectures together, I was so nearly persuaded that the lady in black was my Judith, as to feel the most tormenting impatience to solve the mystery. But in vain did I attempt to trace the course of Dr. La Motte, or to discover the place of his residence. The tavern-keeper at the village could give me no information; no one in the neighborhood was possessed of the knowledge that I sought. I concluded to write letters to acquaintances in different parts of Carolina, and to get my friends to do the like, if possible, I might from some one obtain the desired information. At least fifty letters were written by me and for me; but four weary months passed away without a ray of intelligence. Nobody seemed to know Dr. La Motte. At last a correspondent in Charleston informed one of my friends, that Dr. La Motte, with his family, had a few days before embarked at that port for France; but that no such lady as Miss Bersati was with them. This correspondent had learned that Dr. L's residence was on the island of St. Helena, upon the sea coast, south of Charleston. I determined to go immediately to the place, and obtain what information I could respecting Miss Bersati.

On the first of March, I mounted my horse, and put him to a full trial of his speed and bottom. In eight days I reached Beaufort, where I found that Dr. L was well known. At his extensive plantation, ten miles from Beaufort, I was able at last to get a clue that would probably guide me to my object. When Dr. L left home for a visit to France, he obtained a situation for Miss Bersati in the family of Mr. Naudain, a relation of his, in the neighborhood of Purysburg, on the Savannah. Thither I went in eager haste, and arrived at the house about noon, on the tenth day of my absence from home.

I was politely received by Mrs. Naudain in the absence of her husband. She informed me that Miss Bersati was an inmate of her family, and was then with her daughters in another part of the house. I showed such deep emotion on hearing this, that Mrs. N suspected instantly the cause of my agitation, and knowing that Miss Bersati was in a correspondent state of mind, respecting some gentleman to whom she had become attached, the good lady did not wait for any detailed explanation, but, on my expressing a desire to see Miss Bersati, she smiled, and said that the young lady would doubtless be glad to see me. "I will request her, (said she) to step into a private room, so that joyful a meeting may be undisturbed by spectators. Be so good as to keep your seat until I return." I could not literally keep my seat. My palpitating heart would not let me rest a single moment—I got up, and, in another moment I was on my feet, hurrying from one part of the room to another. Every minute seemed an hour, till Mrs. Naudain returned and asked me to walk with her. I followed her footsteps into a long piazza in the rear of the house, and then to the end of the piazza, where we entered a passage, on the left side of which was a door standing ajar; beckoning me to enter by that door, she retired in silence. I stood a few moments to collect my spirits. I heard light footsteps within, of person walking anxiously over the floor. Pushing the door gently, I stepped in, and saw the lady in black walking from me, unconscious of my presence. Her stature and figure seemed to be those of my Judith. Her hair, black and glossy, as the raven's plumage, agreed with my Judith's. The lady soon heard my approach, and turning round quickly, brought to view a face which again started the rushing tide of sensibility to my nerves. "My Judith, (I exclaimed)—my own beloved!" and I sprang forward to embrace her. She, when she caught the first glance of my person, uttered a faint cry of joy, and started to meet me. But before we met, I discovered an instantaneous change in her countenance. The glow of joyful surprise was converted into ashy paleness. An expression of anguish came like a flash of lightning upon her face. I was in the act of taking her into my arms, when she sank at once to the floor, as if paralysed. I raised her up and placed her on a settee in the room, and snatching a cushion from a chair, put it under her head. She soon began to recover from her partial swoon. Before she was able to converse, I had time and opportunity to undeceive myself. I discovered—to my inexpressible grief and disappointment—that the lady in black was not Judith Bensaddi. She resembled her much in every striking peculiarity of feature. But a close inspection immediately detected differences that left me no room for mistake. This lady's eyes were rather small,

and blacker, her complexion darker, her face longer, and the expression of her countenance was to me less benignly sweet and winning.

She rose, after some minutes, to a sitting posture, and giving me a sorrowful look, she sighed deeply without speaking. "Alas, my dear stranger, (said I) we are both, I fear, sadly disappointed by the result of this interview. I have long sought you in the belief that you were a dear, lost friend. You resemble her, and this resemblance deceived me!" "O! sir, (said she) you were announced to me as a dear, lost friend of mine; it was a mistake on both sides; the shock overcame me; I saw that you were a stranger, and not my friend. My hope is gone. Alas, alas, he is dead! I shall never see him again!"

Here she burst into a flood of tears. After she had wept and sobbed a few minutes, I spoke some friendly words to her, and gradually led her into a conversation. The keenness of my disappointment would have been more sorely felt, if the anguish of Miss Bersati had not interested my feelings and excited my curiosity. I was exceedingly desirous to learn the story of one, who, in so many points, resembled my lost Judith, now lost again to my newly awakened hopes.

"Lady, (said I, after a while) your resemblance to one whom I dearly loved, whom I thought dead, but whom I hoped again to find alive in you, makes me desirous to know something of your history. Will you favor me with an outline of it?"

"I will, (said she) if my feelings permit." "I have heard, (said I) that you are from London." "I am, (said she) but I was born in Italy. My father, Anselmo Bersati, was a professor of music. After the death of my mother, he accepted the invitation of an English nobleman, and removed from Florence to London, when I was ten years old, and my brother twelve. He had no other children. He taught music in the nobleman's family for a while, and was employed at the public concerts. His reputation grew, and he soon acquired a handsome income. He bore me to the same profession, and before I was sixteen, I was qualified to give music lessons. I was soon able to support myself in this way; and before I was eighteen, I got a good salary as a musician in the opera. My brother preferred the mercantile business, and was bred to that. He was fond of travelling, and three years ago made a voyage to America. He returned to London with a young gentleman, Andrew Hazleton, of Charleston, whose father was a merchant in good business. I became acquainted with Mr. Hazleton; he soon attached himself to me; the attachment became mutual, and resulted in an engagement of marriage. He and my brother joined their influence to persuade my father to emigrate to Charleston, where they assured him of a profitable employment in his profession. My expected settlement in that city induced him to consent; and the next spring, now two years ago, was fixed on for the voyage. Mr. Hazleton returned home to wait our arrival for the consummation of the marriage.

The next spring when we expected to embark, my father was taken ill with a lingering disease, which confined him for six months to the house. When he was able again to ride out, he had the misfortune to be thrown from the carriage, and almost killed. At last, however, though threatened with a return of his old disease, he embarked with me, twelve months ago, for Charleston. But it was a sad embarkation, for on that very day we heard that my brother had fallen in a duel at Havana, to which he had gone upon a trading voyage. The news so affected my poor father, that he was taken sick before we had lost sight of land. He suffered great agony during five weeks, and then, just as the American coast came in view, he breathed his last. Thus was I left a destitute orphan among strangers, and my first office on landing in a strange city, was to bury my father. His long illness, and my close attendance on him, reduced our resources, especially as he had given my brother a large portion of his capital, to set him up in trade. On my landing in Charleston, I had but small funds remaining. But I experienced great kindness from several strangers, especially from Dr. La Motte, who was a fellow-passenger on the voyage.

I must now tell you of another sore affliction on my landing. I did not find Mr. Hazleton, as I expected. He had written to me affectionately from time to time, during the first year after our separation. He then informed me that his father had met with misfortunes in business, which made it expedient for him to remove to New-Orleans, where he might retrieve his losses. He still urged us to come as soon as possible to America; assured me of his unchanged affection, and declared that nothing prevented him from coming to London for me, but the difficulty of his father's affairs, which required his aid. A few days before we embarked, we received a letter, dated New-Orleans, in which he promised to meet me in Charleston, as soon as he should hear of my arrival there. As soon as I was able, after landing, I wrote to him an account of my arrival and of my sad condition. A month afterwards no answer had arrived. Dr. La Motte then wrote to a friend of his in New-Orleans, to make inquiries. In four weeks he received an answer, saying that old Mr. Hazleton was dead, and that his son Andrew had embarked, three months before, on a commercial adventure for Brazil, and might be expected soon to return. This explained the cause of my receiving no answers to my late letters, and gave me some consolation. In the mean time, I resided in Dr. La Motte's family as governess of his daughters, and received great kindness from the family. I waited in hope of soon seeing or hearing from Mr. Hazleton. But another and

another month passed away without intelligence. Dr. L. wrote again to his friend, and received for answer, that Mr. Hazleton had neither returned nor been heard from. I now began to fear that some fatal accident had befallen him. I had no doubt of his fidelity to me, and have never suspected him of repenting his engagement, or I should not have sought intelligence of him as I have done. In the month of August, I accompanied Dr. La Motte's family on a tour to the north, and returned with them two months afterwards.

Here I interrupted the fair narrator with the remark, that it was on their return from that tour, that I got a glimpse of her face in Philadelphia, and afterwards heard of her visit to the vale of Seclusaval. She gave me a look of surprise and interest, when I mentioned Seclusaval. "Are you the owner of that beautiful valley?" "Yes, Miss Bersati; and it was the feeling which you showed on hearing of my disappointment in love, that led me to seek this interview, in the hope that you might indeed prove to be my lost Judith Bensaddi!" Judith Bensaddi! Judith Bensaddi! said she, in a sort of amazement, "is she the lady whom you loved?" "Yes—whom I loved and lost; did you know her?" "Yes, my father was her music-teacher; he often praised her as the finest and most amiable scholar that he ever had. I saw her a few times; but I never had any intimacy with her." "Can you tell me, Miss Bersati, any thing of her history shortly before and after her father's bankruptcy?" "Very little, sir; I remember to have heard that she paid her father's debts out of her own fortune; and I think that I afterwards heard of her going to France with her father, and that he died there. Did you ever hear of her marriage, and of her husband's name?" "I remember to have heard, some years ago, that she expected to be married to a clergyman who had baptized her; but, although my father was often at Mr. Bensaddi's house, while giving her lessons, he ceased to have any intercourse with the family afterwards, and we did not often hear of them; I do not think I ever heard of her marriage." "Did you ever hear of her death?" "I heard something of another death in the family; I cannot say for certain that she was the one."

Thus unsatisfactorily did my enquires terminate. Meanwhile Miss Bersati gradually assumed a more cheerful air, in the excitement of conversation. I staid until the next day, and became sufficiently acquainted with Miss B. to admire her beauty, her talents and her accomplishments. I thought that she showed no reluctance to cultivate an intimacy with me. She often alluded to the beauties of Seclusaval, and of her despair of again seeing her lover. I thought her an interesting lady, resembling my Judith a good deal—but, on the whole, far inferior, especially in the undesigning simplicity of heart, and virgin purity of sentiment, which gave to my lost Judith her transcendent loveliness; not that Miss Bersati was notably deficient in these estimable traits of character; but the Italian ardor of her feelings was not tempered with such a degree of unsophisticated sweetness and modesty, as distinguished my Judith. Yet I sincerely commiserated her misfortunes, so much like those of my beloved.

The reader, if interested in her story, will be pleased to hear that, within a month after my visit, her lover returned and fulfilled his engagement.

CHAPTER V.

I returned home with a heavy heart; taking Charleston in my route, that I might lay in a supply of all things needful to complete my establishment in Seclusaval, where I was now more than ever disposed to lead a solitary life, "the world forgetting, by the world forgot." With this view I purchased every thing now, in the way of furniture and stores, that my little household and my laborers would be likely to need for several years. I was liberal, but not profuse, in my purchases; I designed to be not only just but generous to my agents, tenants and dependents; and accumulated such various stores, that I could always have suitable presents to bestow. For my worthy steward's family I made special provision. As to my private and ordinary style of living, I resolved that it should be simple and plain; but when gentle friends or strangers should visit my lovely Seclusaval, I resolved to bring forth out of my stores the elegancies and luxuries that would make their visit agreeable to the style of my hospitality as well as for the charms of the scenery.

Thus did I think to console my desolate heart. By the first of April, I again saw the unfolding verdure of my valley, promising a glorious summer display of all that is beautiful in external nature. The house was finished in a simple, but remarkably neat and cleanly style of architecture. It was spacious enough to accommodate a large family. The water pipes were laid, and a clear fountain spouted in the yard, and ran sparkling to trace its many rounds about the slopes and terraces of the garden. The garden, now finished and furnished, began to bud and bloom with all the riches of a temperate climate. The meadow, sprinkled here and there with trees, single and in clumps, was clothed with a luxuriant award of the deepest green. The pure waters of the lake were inhabited by a thousand sportive fishes, among which the trout seemed to find peculiar joy. The neighboring hills and dales differed from the meadow, only in being more shaded with the native forest trees, which had been selected to remain for their stately magnificence, their beautiful forms, or their rich verdure; but among these chosen remnants of the forest, a green turf, grazed by flocks and herds, began to cover and adorn the ground. Lawns here and there permitted the eye to pen-

etrate into the bosom of the park, and afforded glimpses of beautiful groves and retreats, that enticed the imagination as much as by what was hidden as by what was revealed.

A carriage-road had been made to wind among the hills and dales towards the upper end of the valley. Passing by the Dusky Cascade before described, it pursued the dark glen that led up to the Blue Ridge; but presently took the point of a low ridge, that led gradually up to the top of Craggy-head. From this road another led down into the valley on the north-eastern side of Craggy-head, and down that valley until it joined the road leading out of Seclusaval by the ravine.

Now, with all these varied sources of pleasure and amusement,—such choice gifts of nature, such sweet embellishments of art, such stores of all that my heart could covet of the productions of human industry; such a collection of books and of philosophical apparatus, and such specimens of the fine arts, as I had collected in Europe and America,—which, if not very costly, were all the sweet miniature that I wore in my bosom, daily renewed my love for the peerless Judith Bensaddi—ever to be loved, and ever to be lamented.

I could stay at home no longer. I mounted my horse and rode again to the academy. The workmen were busily engaged in preparing it for the expected teachers. It could divert my melancholy but a day or two. I mounted and rode away, scarcely knowing whither I would go.—Once I thought that I would visit the place where I first resided in Carolina; but when I reached the fork of the road leading to it, I felt too gloomy to appear among my acquaintances there: so I turned eastwardly and travelled on without object. I was flying from melancholy; but I carried the evil in my bosom, and fled in vain, because I could not fly from myself.

The third day of my travel from the academy was Saturday, and bought me at nightfall to an inn by the way-side, where a Mr. McTab, a Scotman, furnished homely fare to travellers. The family had just arrived from a religious meeting, which was being held at a village seven miles beyond. The meeting was numerously attended on account of the presbytery, which was holding its sessions at the place. The Lord's Supper was to be administered the next day, and a great congregation was expected to attend. I was glad to hear of this meeting, and resolved at once to attend it. I felt myself in woful need of religious consolation; and hoped that by means of the holy communion, I might at last obtain rest for my weary soul.

I accompanied Mr. McTab and his family the next morning. I found the church in a grove on the out-skirts of the village. Hundreds of horses

were tied to the trees and fences. Although Divine service had begun, great numbers of loose persons were strolling about or gathered in groups wherever they could find logs or benches to sit on. Every door had a crowd about it, and every seat and every aisle in the church were thronged with auditors. Mr. McTab's pew being near the front door, we made out to work our way to it; and by making some youngsters stand among our feet we were enabled to seat ourselves. I could not see the preacher, except occasionally through openings in a dense mass of heads and shoulders. The sermon was an edifying one, and prepared me for joining devoutly in the communion.

When the communion service began, there was considerable difficulty in passing through the crowded aisles to the table. Therefore I waited until the service was nearly over, and then accompanied Mr. McTab's family to the table.—Finding nearly full, they took the space on the one side, while I passed round to the other, and sat facing them. Two or three ladies still lacked seats. The elder in attendance touched my shoulder, that I might make room for them. By pressing closely together, we left a space that was scarcely sufficient for the ladies. The one next to me was in deep mourning, and closely veiled. She was much affected after she sat down, and strove in vain to suppress her sobs and tears—She had been pressed so closely to my side, that I could feel the tremor of her nerves and the palpitation of her heart. Her tokens of distress excited my sympathy. Her bereavement was doubtless severe, and probably recent: whether she mourned for parent, or brother; or what seemed more likely, for the companion of her bosom. As I did, so did she, and sorely too, need the consolations of religion. I raised my heart in supplication for the weeping mourner, as well as for myself.

When the bread was distributed, she seemed to be so absorbed by her devotions as not to observe it. I took a small piece from the plate, broke it and put one of the parts into her hand. She took it from me and ate it, as I did the other part. So, when the wine came round, I tasted first, and then gave her the cup, which she took from my hand. Every moment I felt a greater interest in this stranger, and repeatedly implored the Father of Mercies in her behalf. I knew not why, but I was conscious of a singularly tender sensation from the soft touch of her arm and side involuntarily pressed against mine. The feeling had nothing in it incongruous to the sacredness of the hour and the place: it was a pure sympathy for the griefs of a breast, so gentle and so devout as I felt hers to be. I was not a little gratified to perceive the soothng effect of the communion upon her heart, whose spasmodic action ceased; tears flowed no longer; but a holy calm seemed to have been breathed into her soul, as it was in mine, through faith in the expiatory sufferings that were signified by the sacred emblems of bread and wine. We felt the peace which the dying Son of God bequeathed to his disciples—the spiritual peace, without which the soul of man is but a fountain of bitter waters.

Then we rose from the table, the ladies at my side preceded me in retiring. The mourning lady then appeared to be of the middle stature, design upon her. The letter was written; and in three weeks an answer was received, announcing that Mr. D. and she wore a bonnet somewhat different from

any others others that I noticed. These were the at the communion table, I had felt that there was only observations that I could make, before me in the crowd and I lost sight of her. I, souls. These alone were points of deep interest—and then the name! Oh how I longed to know the exact form of it! I was envious, since Miss Cersit's case had disappointed me, not to trust in resemblances.

During the short intermission that preceded the afternoon service, I walked out to meditate in the woods. I felt a delightful glow of spiritual comfort. A fountain, lately closed, had been opened again by the devotional exercises of the day. I no longer considered myself a solitary, unconnected being. If I lacked one tie of all—my ties the closest and dearest—if, so far, I was severed from that without which human nature and human happiness are incomplete—I now felt the drawing of other bonds which bound me to many hearts, even of strangers, around the communion table. I was still a member of the human family—I was also a member of the spiritual family, gathered by him who came down to us even into a peculiar brotherhood—a brotherhood of renewed hearts, which by prayer draw sweet influences of love from the common fountain of Deity, ever flowing from its exhaustless source to purify and to console. Alas! that so many should ever seen these living waters. Alas! that so many should infuse the bitterness of their own hearts into these healing streams, and call the palliated mixture religion!

The afternoon service was begun, before I returned to the church. The sermon was an excellent one; chaste and beautifully eloquent, and strictly appropriate to the occasion, but delivered with less vehemence of manner than is usual in the south. The people generally seemed to listen without interest to calm and lucid exposition, logical argument and mild persuasion. The popular mind is yet too uncultivated to relish such refined oratory. I asked Mr. McTab who this preacher was. "A stranger from the north," (said he,) "ganging away south." Altogether the services of the day had a surprising effect on my mind. I left the church, renewed, brightened, and sanctified, at least for the time. I thanked Divine Providence for directing my wandering steps to this presbyterian meeting. I could now go home refreshed.

As I pressed through the crowd to get my horse, I happened to hear a couple of plainly dressed old country women, in earnest conversation. Their Scottish dialect first struck my attention; but the subject of their colloquy soon awakened all my curiosity. "Aweel, now, Mrs. McGraw, I wud nae mind that a bawbee. Yell agree that a Jewess may be a gude christian, when she is converted!" "Why, yes, Mrs. McCraken, I grant ye, if she be truly and thoroughly regenerate; but that is nae easily done wi' em them hardened Jews, Mrs. McCraken. And them I wud nae mind her being a private christian, like, but I unsteran that she is a teacher, a sort o' public character, like,—ye know, Mrs. McCraken. Now just think—wud ye like to put your daughter unner a Judaizing teacher? Ye know how the Apostle warns us agin sic Judaizing teachers. Think o' that, Mrs. McCraken."

I had stopped at the word Jewess, which struck me like a clap of thunder—not now to frighten, but to rouse me. I waited for some further development of the subject of conversation. But Mrs. McCraken's husband called her off suddenly. "Good e'en, Mrs. McGraw," said Mrs. McCraken. "Good e'en, Mrs. McCraken," said Mrs. McGraw; and before I could address either Mrs. McCraken or Mrs. McGraw, they had mingled with the crowd and disappeared.

Had I met an acquaintance then, I would have inquired, if they had a converted Jewess for a teacher in their neighborhood. But a few moments' reflection made me conclude, that it was a matter of no consequence to me. Jewesses were found half the world over; and a converted Jewess was no such rarity, that the mention of one should make me fancy that my lost Judith had risen from the grave.

I returned to Mr. McTab's on my way home. The next morning, while conversing with the hostess on the occurrences of the meeting, I was about to ask her a question, suggested by the allusions of the old women at the church, when she anticipated me by asking if I knew that the lady in mourning, who sat by my side at the communion table, was a converted Jewess. I started, turned pale,—and almost breathless, answered, "No." "Aweel now, she was,—but you need be frightened. I trust that she is truly regenerate, and I dinna think that we should feel sympathy to only christian, though she be o' Jewish blood." "I feel no antipathy, Mrs. McTab. But what you tell me is very surprising. Does she reside in this country?" "Na, she is a stranger among us. She came till the presbytery on Saturday with the preacher that ye heard in the afternoon. They are ganging south, I hear, till teach a seminary." "Do you know the preacher's name?" "Aye, I heard it; I think they ca' him Danforth, or the like o' that." "Danforth, perhaps?" "Aye, aye, Danforth, precessely." "Is the Jewish lady his wife?" I asked in great trepidation. "Na, na; his wife sat next till the Jewess, in white caes." They say that the Jewish convert is his music teacher—though I canna say what sort o' music she teaches—some o' their ungodly whistlin' lits, I fear,—for they dinna teach psalmody in their academies, I unsteran—the mair is the pity.—"His music teacher!" Did you hear her name, Mrs. McTab?" "Her name? O aye, I heard an tell it till another; but it is sic a strange name—Aye, I heard it; I think they ca' him Danforth, or the like o' that." "Danforth, perhaps?" "Aye, aye, Danforth, precessely." "Is the Jewish lady his wife?" I asked in great trepidation. "Na, na; his wife sat next till the Jewess, in white caes." 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Sergeant who allied to the restoration of the U. S. Bank as one of the results of their success, avoided with the utmost care the least allusion to any principles whatever. Even Mr. Webster condescended to enact the harlequin, and to talk of the virtues of "hard cider." Interchanges of "enthusiasm," formed the staple of this federal "feast of reason." An abundance of shouts made up for a most plentiful lack of argument, and the members separated with exhausted lungs, solemnly pledging themselves again to assemble in their respective States, again to enact other plans equally fantastic.

In the name of common sense, when will all this folly come to an end? Is it supposed that the people of this country are to be cheated out of their "sweet voices," by such practical jokes as that recently performed at Baltimore? The federal press which parades the doing at the Monumental City, with such apparent exultation and gorgeous description, certainly think so, and are just as certainly mistaken. The people are not such fools, as these 25,000 men who have just "jumped Jim Crow," at Baltimore, please to imagine. They will give no party their votes, which does not address their reason, and they will be very apt to be shy of a party, which insults their intelligence by pageants and mimicry addressed merely to their senses. 25,000 idlers, who have money and time to spare, to travel from every part of the country, to make themselves merry at Baltimore, will not be able to pass themselves off as the hard working, sober minded people of the country, let them build log cabins ever so busily, and drink hard cider ever so lustily. The bait will not take, the fish will not bite, and the clumsy anglers will find their baskets empty in November.—*Augusta Age.*

BANK POWER.

Whether the British or Americans were victors at Fort Meigs, whether or not the Indians outwitted their adversaries at Tippecanoe, and whether Col. Johnson or Gen. Harrison was the true hero of the Thames, are all without doubt important as matters of national history. Nevertheless they are very unimportant to an issue, with which they are attempted to be connected; we mean, the Presidential issue now pending before the people. Gen. Harrison may have displayed in the field the skill and bravery of a Ney, and for all that, may be a very unsuitable man for the Presidency. Mr. Van Buren never smelt gun-powder in his life; and yet, the people may re-elect him to the Chief Magistracy notwithstanding. The true question of the times turns upon the principles of Democracy and Federalism, and has as little to do with cannon balls and Indian battles, as log cabins and hard cider have with common sense.

What those principles are, is intelligible enough, from the topics which now divide the two parties in Congress, and when examined, turn out to be principles long since adjudicated upon by the people, and in respect to which they are by no means likely to reverse their decision. They are simply, on the one hand, the principle that the people shall govern, and on the other hand, that the banks shall govern.

In the United States Senate, the great question is whether the banks shall be amenable to a bankrupt law, and thereby subjected to a forfeiture of charter and a confiscation of assets for the benefit of creditors, in the event of a failure to meet their liabilities.

In the United States House of Representatives, the great question is whether the money of the people shall be used by the banks, or whether it shall be kept by public officers, until drawn out by appropriations according to law.

Upon both these questions, of the bankrupt law applicable to banks, and of the Independent Treasury, the Democratic party sides with the people, and the federal party sides with the banks. The Democratic party insists that banks should be tolerated no longer than they pay specific, and that failing to do so, they should be wound up. The Federal party insists that the banks should be permitted to suspend as often as they please. The Democratic party insists that the Government should be independent of the banks. The Federal party insists that the banks should have the use of the people's money, and thereby control both the Government and the people. In short the Democratic party is THE PEOPLE'S party and the Federal party is the BANK PARTY. The country will decide between them.—*Augusta Age.*

From the *Augusta Age.*

THE INTEREST OF THE PEOPLE.

It has always been known, that in the fluctuation of momentary affairs wages are the first thing to fall and the last thing to rise; a fact, which ought ever to be kept in mind, as the strongest argument in favor of a steady currency. One which is unsteady, fleeces the laborer at every turn of the wheel. He gains nothing by it, but loses every thing. When an expansion takes place, rents, fuel, bread and every necessary of life rises sooner than his wages. They rise last of all, and while after they have risen, the laborer is no better off than before, he has in the mean time suffered the grossest injustice. So when a contraction takes place, his wages fall instantly, but not so than other things, and again he is wronged and plundered.

The wit of man probably never devised a scheme of taxing the poor for the benefit of the rich, so subtle and effective as paper money. If banks expand, the laborer suffers; if banks contract, the laborer suffers; if banks fail, the laborer bears all the loss, without even the poor privilege of getting a part of the plunder. The present banking system is to him an unmitigated evil. When a revolution comes, he gets no relief from banks. If he obtains an inadequate reward for his labor, he has no help for it—he

must work or starve. Not so his neighbor, who by means of bank accommodation can hold on to his property till better times. The flour speculator gets discounts, but the laborer cannot. The bloated monopolizer gets favors, but the laborer gets none. He is left to the fury of the storms, and enjoys none of the sunshine. He bears all the brunt of the battle, and reaps none of the fruits of success.

Away then with that impudent, fraudulent, basefaced affection of regard for the laborer, which is set up by those who are striving to perpetuate the tyranny of paper money. While its hypocrisy disgusts every honest mind, its blindness will be detected and despised by the intelligent men, upon whom it is intended to operate. The laboring man knows that a sound currency of the precious metals for common use, which will secure him steady wages and never plunder him by failures, is the best currency for him. He knows too, by an unfailing instinct, that his friends are the Democracy, and not the shylock harpies, bankers and dandies, who just now affect so great a love for him. All the smooth speeches which John Davis over made, will not satisfy him that Andrew Jackson is his enemy. All the up roar of older loving and cabin building cits will not satisfy him that they are his friends. He knows better, and cannot be cheated, as those who hope so, will find in the end, to their cost.

OXFORD DEMOCRAT.

PARIS, JUNE 2, 1840.

We have frequently heard it remarked by a certain class of politicians that there was no difference in the practice of the two great political parties, which divide the people of this country. That both were contending for power. That when they attained that object, they both practised the same principles. But that there is a difference we fully believe, and that we will endeavor to show as briefly as possible.

The Federal party doubt the capacity, and deny the right, of the whole people to govern themselves. And as a consequence, would found government on property, legislate for the rich and well-born; limit the right of suffrage to those who possess a certain amount of wealth, regardless of moral worth or intelligence; and place as many checks as possible upon the freedom of the people, lest they, the people, should be injured by too great a degree of liberty. These are the characteristic features of Federalism, as has always been made manifest by that part since the foundation of this government.

The Democratic party acknowledge the ability, and declare the right, of the whole people to govern themselves.

They would found government upon the free suffrages of the people. They would seek to make that people intelligent, virtuous, and moral, by the diffusion of knowledge—by appeals to the highest and noblest faculties of the human mind. They would protect all in the enjoyment of wealth honestly procured; they would grant no exclusive privileges to a few for increasing it, nor would they endow it with the attributes of humanity by giving it a voice in the government. They would have as few laws as possible,—those laws always to bear equally on all,—and the people free in the broadest and fullest sense of the word. These are some of the characteristic features of DEMOCRACY,—some of the leading features,—but they are sufficient to show that there is a difference—a vast difference—in the tendency of the principles, and in the practice of the two great political parties of this country. Can any reasonable man long doubt which is in the right?—which in the wrong?

Why, if the opposition have a set of measures, upon the success of which they believe the good of the country depends, do they not state them—make up an issue on their merits, and defend them? If they can support their principles, upon their intrinsic merits, why not do it boldly and frankly? Why make the Presidential canvass a quarrel about men,—a personal issue, instead of an issue of principle? Is it because they are conscious of the weakness of their cause? or are they afraid to avow the real issue?—Martin Van Buren, an Independent Treasury, or, William Henry Harrison, and a fifty million Bank. This is the true issue and main question, and the Democracy should ever keep it in mind, and not suffer it to be lost sight of, or be diverted by the senseless clamor of the Federal presses of "hard cider and log cabins." For what is the object of the Federal press in representing their candidate as living in a "log cabin" and drinking "hard cider"? Nothing more or less than to create a sympathy for him among the farmers and mechanics.

EPHRAIM BROWN.
Norway, May 30, 1840.
3w42

NOTICE.

THOSE persons indebted to the subscriber on Note, which has become due are requested to pay payment without delay.

Those whose notes have been due one year are notified that unless payment is made, or a part, by the first of July next, they will be left for collection, without distinction.

FRANCIS BENJ.

42

GUARDIAN'S SALE.

W

Y virtue of license obtained from the Probate Court of the County of Oxford, I shall sell at private sale prior to the first day of July next, all the interest which the minor children of Austin and Anna, late of Oxford, in said county, deceased, have in the homestead farm of said deceased, situated in said Oxford.

LEVI THAYER, Guardian of

Paris, June 1, 1840.

Notice of Foreclosure.

W

HEREAS Stephen Greenleaf, Jr. of Norway, in the county of Oxford, duly executed to me, the subscriber, of said Norway, a mortgage of certain real estate situated at Steep Falls, so called, in said Norway, which premises are particularly described in said mortgage, dated the eleventh day of October, A. D. 1833, and 1834, of which reference is had. And whereas said Greenleaf has broken the conditions in said mortgage, hereby claiming to have possession of said mortgaged premises, and to foreclose the same.

ALEXANDER H. MUZZY, Adm'r.

Oxford, May 30, 1840.

*3w42

DR. SEARS'
UNIVERSAL SANGUINARIAN,
Or: Blood-Root Pills.

THE subscriber hereby gives public notice to all concerned

that she has been duly appointed and taken upon herself

the trust of Administratrix of the Estate of

ALMON HOWARD,

Waterford, in the County of Oxford, deceased, by giving

to the law director, and thereafter requests all persons

who are indebted to the said deceased's estate to make im

mediate payment and those who have any demands thereon

to exhibit the same to

ABIGAIL HOWARD.

Waterford, May 26, 1840.

3w42

At a Court of Probate held at Paris within and for the County of Oxford, on the twenty-sixth day of May in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and forty.

SIMEON SARRET, Executor of the last Will and Testament of Alphonse M. Jr., late of Summer, in said County, deceased, having presented his final account of administration of the estate of said deceased.

Ordered,

That the said Executor give notice to all persons interested,

by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat printed at Paris, that

the said Executor, the law director, and those who are indebted to the said deceased's estate to make immediate payment and those who have any demands thereon to exhibit the same to

LYMAN RAWSON, Judge,

Copy, Attest—Levi Stowell, Register.

At a Court of Probate held at Paris within and for the County of Oxford, on the twenty-sixth day of May, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and forty.

JAMES DEERING, named Executor in a certain instrument purporting to be the last Will and Testament of Eleazar Bryant late of Paris, in said County, deceased, having presented the same to

LYMAN RAWSON, Judge,

Copy, Attest—Levi Stowell, Register.

At a Court of Probate held at Paris within and for the County of Oxford, on the twenty-sixth day of May, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and forty.

ON the petition of ANNA P. FROST, Administratrix of the estate of Edmund Frost, late of Norway, in said County, deceased, representing that the personal estate of said deceased is not sufficient to pay the just debts, which he owed at the time of his death, by the sum of one hundred dollars, and praying for a license to sell and convey so much of the real estate of said deceased, as may be necessary for the payment of said debts and incidental charges.

Ordered,

That the petitioner give notice thereof to the heirs of said deceased, and to all persons interested in said estate, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris, in said County, on the twenty-third day of June next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, and shew cause, if any they have, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted.

LYMAN RAWSON, Judge,

Copy, Attest—Levi Stowell, Register.

At a Court of Probate held at Paris within and for the County of Oxford, on the twenty-sixth day of May in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and forty.

ON the petition of BENJAMIN WEBER, administrator on the estate of John Weber, late of Sweden, in said County, deceased, representing that the personal estate of said deceased is not sufficient to pay the just debts, which he owed at the time of his death by the sum of eight hundred dollars, and praying for a license to sell and convey so much of the real estate of said deceased as may be necessary for the payment of said debts and incidental charges.

Ordered,

That the said petitioner give notice to all persons interested,

by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris, in said County, on the twenty-third day of June next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, and shew cause, if any they have, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted.

LYMAN RAWSON, Judge,

Copy, Attest—Levi Stowell, Register.

At a Court of Probate held at Paris within and for the County of Oxford, on the twenty-sixth day of May in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and forty.

ON the petition of OLIVE FAUNCE, Administrator of the estate of Alden E. Faunce, late of Turner, in said County, deceased, representing that the personal estate of said deceased is not sufficient to pay the just debts, which he owed at the time of his death by the sum of eight hundred dollars, and praying for a license to sell and convey so much of the real estate of said deceased as may be necessary for the payment of said debts and incidental charges.

Ordered,

That the said petitioner give notice to all persons interested,

by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris, in said County, on the twenty-third day of June next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, and shew cause, if any they have, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted.

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Ordered,

That the said petitioner give notice to all persons interested,

by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris, in said County, on the twenty-third day of June next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, and shew cause, if any they have, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted.

LYMAN RAWSON, Judge,

Copy, Attest—Levi Stowell, Register.

At a Court of Probate held at Paris within and for the County of Oxford, on the twenty-sixth day of May in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and forty.

WILLIAM PIMPINGRE, named Executor in a certain instrument purporting to be the last Will and Testament of Stephen Pinne, late of Norway in said County, deceased, having presented the same to

JOHN BICKNELL, Collector,

April 27, 1840.

3w42

Delinquent Highway Tax in the East part of

Woodstock, for the years 1837 and 1838.

Undivided half 116 100 30 23</

